

Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



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EXPULSION FROM PARIS.

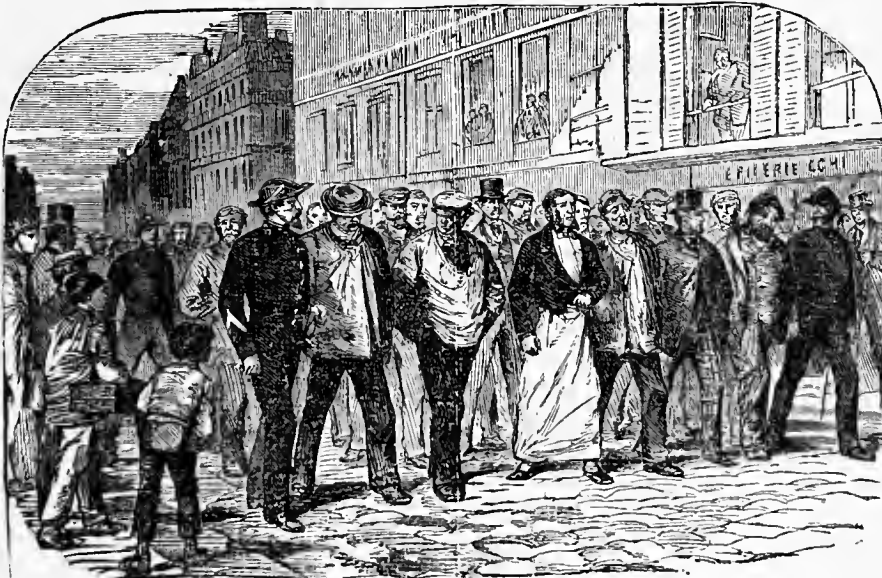
OUR readers are familiar to a great extent with many of the incidents of suffering, wretchedness and cruelty connected with the bloody contest from which the nations of France and Prussia have just emerged. It has been perhaps the most formidable and disastrous war ever engaged in by two nations. France acted on the aggressive, and, figuratively speaking, took the part of the bully, knocking the chip off the other boy's shoulder. Proud, arrogant and powerful, the French people never doubted but that they would have an easy conquest over Prussia, as was the case in 1806, when the French armies under Napoleon I. invaded that country. Prussia, though perhaps equally anxious for war, and withal, better prepared for it than was France, having better disciplined armies, acted rather reserved than otherwise. France had several trifling pretexts for assuming an attitude of war towards Prussia. Buoyant and bloodthirsty the French armies marched and met the Prussians. Success at first made them reckless and daring, but they were unable to cope with the Prussians. Defeat and disaster followed. Retreating into the

city was brought to bear, to withstand the siege. The city was barricaded on all sides, all able-bodied French citizens were drafted to serve in the army of defense, precautionary measures were adopted in case of provisions becoming scarce, and every one suspected of sympathy for the Prussians or of being a spy, was expelled from the city. This was deemed wise policy under the circumstances, as in addition to the internal trouble they would have created, there was danger of the excited populace summarily putting an end to their existence.

In addition to these there were other classes of persons driven out of Paris: those who were not able to take part in the defense of the city; they being considered useless. This

would appear a harsh action, and doubtless entailed a vast amount of suffering, but it was thought necessary, as the provisions were already scarce, and the food which they would consume, if they remained would be required for the defenders of the city. Women of loose character were also expelled.

Our engraving represents the scene of the expulsion. We see



interior they were followed closely and persistently by the Prussians, spreading desolation on every hand. Previous to the commencement of the war, it did not seem reasonable that the Prussians could defeat the powerful armies of France, and march to Paris, the capital city; yet such they did. Panic-stricken and demoralized, the French were driven from one city to another, until Paris itself was surrounded by the Prussians and bombarded.

The city of Paris was one of the most magnificent in the world, and one of which the French people were very proud; and the thought of having their opponents enter it, and reduce them to subjection and ignominy was too humiliating for the haughty French to entertain. Accordingly their best general-

here, apparently persons of many different classes, being marched between lines of soldiers, to be thrust outside the limits of the city, with no way of providing for their wants.

This is only one of the thousands of cases of suffering and misery entailed by the terrible war just ended, which has been fraught with such direful results—a war, which for being hastily conceived and swiftly executed is without parallel in the annals of history.

Let us be thankful that God has permitted us to live here in these valleys, far removed from such scenes of strife and carnage; and let us hope also that the honest in heart of the two unfortunate nations may also be speedily gathered out to enjoy this blessing with us.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Chemistry of Common Things.

ANTIMONITE.

THIS mineral which is a sulphide of antimony (2 Sb plus 3 S) is also known as "Stibnite" from Stibium the classical name of antimony.

This ore affords nearly all the antimony of commerce. The crude antimony is obtained by simple fusion, which separates the metal in an impure form from the rock. From this substance the metal is separated; and many things useful in the arts besides are obtained. The ancients greatly prized this metal, or rather the sulphide itself, for its usefulness in adorning the person. They used it in the same way that some moderns do to blacken the hair, eyebrows and eyelashes. The way they prepared it is on record, so that we may at any rate analyze the sulphide of antimony in a simple manner. Here is the substance of what one ancient writer says on the manufacture of antimony: "Inclose the ore in a lump of dough, and then burn the mass to a cinder. Then put the cinder into milk and wine to extinguish the fire, after which place it upon the coals and blow the mass into a flame, taking care not to let it obtain too much heat for fear of turning it into lead." Hence it is supposed by mineralogists that occasionally the metal antimony was really seen by the ancients though not distinguishable from lead.

The principal use of the pigment prepared, was to darken the eyelash and sides of the eye, to make the eye appear wide, which was then considered an addition to beauty to that feature of the human countenance, hence one of the names of this cosmetic signified "broad eye." As to the blackening of the hair, it was by covering the surface of the hair with the preparation in a pulverized form, and by preparing a black wax, much in the way that modern beautifiers of the person do by preparations sold at the hair dressers and perfumers in large cities.

We may think it strange that so much attention should have been paid by the ancients in adorning the person, but many tons weight of lead combs are however prepared in our day to blacken human hair, these combs are an alloy containing antimony, and they do answer the purpose by imparting a blackness on the surface. As to the powder made now to blacken the eyelashes, it is prepared as a paint for that purpose and applied with a camel hair pencil.

One of the most important uses of the metal antimony is to form suitable alloys for type metal, and for stereotype purposes. Lead is a soft metal, three parts of lead with one of antimony, with a little tin form a type metal; nine parts of lead, two of antimony and one of bismuth, form a stereotype metal. Another thing that this last alloy is useful for is to take fac-similes of coins and metals, as in cooling it expands, thus causing the impression to be sharp and well defined.

Another use for the metal, is to make pewter, and an alloy used for making vessels for domestic purposes, such as plates, jugs, &c.; this alloy is known as "Brittania metal." Probably other uses may be suggested, when we reduce the metal in abundance, which will be done. Nine parts of tin, to one each of antimony, bismuth and lead, make a pleasing alloy for casting into toys.

There are various medicinal uses for antimony, which need not be dwelt upon, as a general thing iron alone, of the perfect metals is useful in the body; as to applying powders made of the metallic sulphides or oxides to the hair, it is very dangerous; by so doing, the minute pores of the skin are more or less stopped, thus impeding the functions of those important organs.

BETH.

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

(Concluded.)

MY companion was called to Sidney on business, and I being left to travel alone for a few weeks, started on a tour through the country to sell our books. While traveling I met with an adventure at a large tavern called the Half-way House, kept by a Roman Catholic. This house was situated half way between Penrith and Bathurst cities. When I called at this house the landlord was away from home, but his wife was there and I showed her my books, some of which she purchased; and as dinner was nearly ready I was invited to stay and get dinner. While I was having a good discussion on the scriptures, the master of the house came home, and brought with him a Catholic priest. The woman showed the priest the books that she had bought, and he gave her a severe reprimand for taking them, and then turned to me and said that I was an infernal heretic and ought to be burned at the stake and killed. The master of the house partook of the same murderous spirit, and remarked that he would set his dogs on me and tear me to pieces; while he was whipping his wife, I stepped out and started. This was in a very heavy timbered country, and I did not follow the road, for I knew that he would follow me, and if he found me that he would do something desperate if he could. I had been traveling about a half an hour when I heard the sound of the large hounds and bull dogs on my track. A thousand thoughts past through my mind in a short time, and I imagined that perhaps I should never see my aged mother again; but then the thought came to me that President Heber C. Kimball had prophesied on my head that I should live to fill my mission and return again to the bosom of the Church. I then tried to climb up a tree, but the bark was so smooth that I could not climb it, and by this time the dogs had come in sight and I could hear a man's voice urging them on. While in this situation I called on the Lord for help, and my prayer was heard; for as the dogs came near me a large kangaroo crossed my track in full speed, and the dogs, seeing it, turned square about and went after the animal and did not see me at all. I then turned and went to the road, but my troubles were not yet ended. The dogs had gone out of hearing, but the man had discovered that the dogs were after the animal and tried to call them back, but could not; so he came into the road to hunt for me. I heard a rough voice calling after me, and I looked back in the road and saw a man coming on a run carrying a large club in his hand. He swore bitterly, and said as he had caught me now he would use me up with that club. I could see that he was possessed of a spirit to kill, so I walked up to him and offered him my hand, with the remark that I wanted to talk with him a short time before he carried his threat into execution. I said "Sir, I am an American, and I have come here thousands of miles to do you and others good," and then, to draw his attention, I told him that there were many Irish people in America and some of them were very wealthy, and they built our railroads, and made the best soldiers, and more than that, when the famine was raging in Ireland the Americans sent several ship loads of flour and bread stuff to them, and did not charge them one cent for them. By this time he dropped his club and we walked along together until we came on the hill within sight of the city Paramatta. He stopped and we talked a short time, and he confessed to me that he intended, when he came up to me, to have killed me with the club, but he was glad now that he did not strike me with it. He shook hands with me and started back home. Little did he think that it was an over-riding providence that stayed his hand that he was not permitted to strike with the club. Here I joined my companion again and we started on a tour through the country.

The Island of Australia abounds in many parts with wild cat-

tle. As we were traveling one day through the woods on an old road not much used, all at once we heard a thundering sound behind us, and my partner who was about one rod behind me cried "look out for wild cattle!" There was some fallen timber near by, and I ran and got up on a tree top, and then looked back to see where my companion was. I saw that he was in danger and I ran to his assistance, but before I could reach him a wild bull had caught him and thrown him on his horns; but he had no sooner struck the ground than he sprang to his feet again. The bull came the second time and my companion caught him by the horns, and was thrown again, this time alighting in a tree top, where the animal did not attempt to follow him, but turned around at me as I was belaboring him with a club. When I saw that he had turned on me, I felt my first fear of being hurt. There was a tree about three rods distant from me, I thought if I could get to it I could save myself by dodging the bull, so I started to run to the tree, the bull close after me with his head down ready to hook on the first touch of his horns. Quite faint I succeeded in reaching the tree and whirled myself around it. The bull threw up his head and snorted and passed on. About this time my companion rose up out of the tree top where the bull had thrown him, and called to me "has he got you?" I answered, "No sir, it takes a smarter bull than that to catch me on a fair race." I then went to my partner to see if he was hurt, and found that all the bruise or hurt that he had received was in the palms of his hands, caused by his taking hold of the bull's horns to save himself.

Payson.

AMASA POTTER.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

RECOLLECTIONS.

(Continued.)

ONE day the company overtook President Kimball's company, which was traveling ahead of them; this was somewhere near the north fork of the Platte River. Jane Wilson, who has been mentioned as being a member of the family of Widow Smith, and as being troubled with fits, &c., and withal very fond of snuff, started ahead to overtake her mother, who was in the family of Bishop N. K. Whitney, in President Kimball's company, supposing both companies would camp together, and she could easily return to her own camp in the evening. But, early in the afternoon, our Captain ordered a halt, and camped for that night and the next day. This move, unfortunately, compelled poor Jane to continue on with her mother in the preceding company.

Towards evening the Captain took a position in the centre of the corral formed by the wagons, and called the company together, and then cried out:

"Is all right in the camp?" "Is all right in the camp?"

Not supposing for a moment that anything was wrong, no one replied. He repeated the question again and again, each time increasing his vehemence, until some began to feel alarmed. Old "Uncle Tommie" Harrington replied in good English style, "nout's the matter wi me;" "nout's the matter wi me;" and one after another replied, "Nothing is the matter with me," until it came to Widow Smith, at which, in a towering rage, the Captain exclaimed, "All's right in the camp, and a poor woman lost!"

Widow Smith replied, "she is not lost; she is with her mother, and as safe as I am."

At which the Captain lost all control of his temper, and fairly screamed out, "I rebuke you, Widow Smith, in the name of the Lord!" pouring forth a tirade of abuse upon her. Nothing would pacify him till she proposed to send her son John ahead to find Jane. It was almost dark, and he would doubtless have

to travel until nearly midnight before he would overtake the company; but he started, alone and unarmed, in an unknown region, an Indian country, infested by hordes of hungry wolves, ravenous for the dead cattle strewn here and there along the road, which drew them in such numbers that their howlings awakened the echoes of the night, making it hideous and disturbing the slumbers of the camps.

That night was spent by Widow Smith in prayer and anguish for the safety of her son; but the next day John returned all safe, and reported that he had found Jane all right with her mother. Widow Smith's fears for his safety, although perhaps unnecessary, were not groundless, as his account of his night's trip proved. The wolves growled and glared at him as he passed along, not caring even to get out of the road for him; their eyes gleaming like balls of fire through the darkness on every hand; but they did not molest him; still, the task was one that would have made a timid person shudder and shrink from its performance.

Another circumstance occurred, while camped at this place, which had a wonderful influence, some time afterwards, upon Captain ——'s mind. There was a party of the brethren started out on a hunting expedition, for the day. A boy, that was driving team for Widow Smith, but little larger than Joseph, although several years his senior, accompanied them, riding with the Captain in his carriage, which they took along to carry their game in. This boy—(he is now a man, and no doubt a good Latter-day Saint) was a very great favorite of the Captain's; and was often cited by him as a worthy example for Joseph, as he stood guard, and was very obliging and obedient to him. During the day the Captain left him in charge of his carriage and team, while he went some distance away in search of game, charging W—— not to leave the spot until he returned. Soon after the Captain got out of sight, W—— drove off in pursuit of some of the brethren in another direction, and when he overtook them, strange to say, he told a most foolish and flimsy story, which aroused their suspicion. They charged him with falsehood, but he unwisely stuck to his story. It was this: "Captain —— had sent him to tell them to drive the game down to a certain point, so that he (the Captain) might have a shot as well as they." Having done this, he started back to his post, expecting to get there, of course, before the Captain returned. But unfortunately for his good reputation with the Captain, he was too late. The Captain had returned, but the carriage was gone, not knowing the reason he doubtless became alarmed, as he immediately started in search, instead of waiting to see if it would return. He missed connection, and was subjected to a tedious tramp and great anxiety, until he fell in with those brethren, who related the strange interview they had had with W—— and the mystery was explained. Returning again, there he found the carriage and W—— all right, looking innocent and dutiful, little suspecting that the Captain knew all, and the storm that was about to burst upon his devoted head. But like a thunder-clap the storm came. At first W—— affected bewilderment, putting on an air of injured innocence, but soon gave way before the avalanche of wrath hurled upon him. Poor fellow! he had destroyed the Captain's confidence in him, and would he ever regain it? The reader can readily imagine, this would be a difficult matter. Sometime after this, the Captain went out from camp with his carriage to gather saleratus, and on the way overtook Joseph on foot. To Joseph's utter astonishment, the Captain stopped and invited him to ride. There was another brother in the carriage with him. As they went along, the Captain told this story, and concluded by saying, "Now, Joseph, since W—— has betrayed my confidence, so that I dare not trust him any more, you shall take his place. I don't believe you will deceive me." Joseph in the best manner he possibly could, declined the honor proffered to him.

(To be continued.)

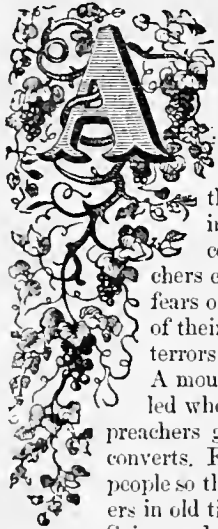
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GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1871.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



A PARTY of Methodist preachers are coming to this city with a big tent, for the purpose of holding camp meetings. Our readers who have been brought up in this Territory do not know what a camp meeting is. In the Eastern States, a grove is selected, a stand built, seats arranged for the people, and a great excitement raised in the country, to have the men and women come together to meeting. Then the preachers commence their labors. They appeal to the fears of the people, try to rouse them to a sense of their sinful condition, and describe to them the terrors of hell, so that they may seek for religion. A mourners' bench is provided to which all are led who desire to become religious, at which the preachers gather together to pray with and for their converts. Everything is done to excite and terrify the people so that they may seek to be converted. Preachers in old times have led mobs against the Latter-day Saints and driven them from their homes. This camp meeting is a new plan; they cannot very well raise a mob, but they hope by means of the camp meeting to seduce the Saints, particularly the young persons, from the truth, and break down the influence of the Priesthood. They expect to commence their meetings to-day; but they will not likely get started until tomorrow the 11th. In our next we shall give an account of their proceedings to our readers.

AFTER the death of Mohammed, his successors pushed their conquests into the far east, determined to spread their faith by the sword and to make the nations who did not adopt their religion pay tribute to them. It was in the days of the caliph Omar, a few years after Mohammed's death, that the capture of Persia was decided upon. Omar himself was desirous of marching in person to carry the war into the heart of Persia; but his counselors objected to his doing so, and persuaded him to send in his place Saad, the son of Abu Wakkas. This Saad was a zealous soldier of the faith, and had been a favorite and confidential companion of Mohammed's. When he reached Persia he found the Persian forces vastly superior in numbers to his, and he sent expresses to Omar entreating reinforcements. The caliph promised them, but exhorted him in the meantime to doubt nothing; not to regard the number of the foe, but to think always that he was fighting under his eye. He was instructed, however, before commencing hostilities, to send a delegation to the King of Persia inviting him to embrace the faith. Saad selected several of his most discreet and veteran officers and sent them on this mission. They found the King seated in state on a magnificent throne, supported on silver columns; above it was a crown suspended by a golden chain to bear the immense weight of its jewels; but contrived to appear as if it rested on the head of the king when he sat down. The messengers were dressed in simple Arab style, and looked strangely out of place in that scene of grandeur. The king reproached them for coming to his country, and told them that if it were not unworthy of a great king to put ambassadors to

death, he would slay them. He commanded them to depart, and told them to take with them a portion of Persian soil which they craved. He caused sacks of earth to be bound on their shoulders, to be delivered by them to their chiefs as samples of the graves they would be sure to find if they came into his country. As soon as they got out of the city these messengers put the sacks of earth on the backs of their camels and returned with them to Saad, son of Abu Wakkas. The Persian King had meant this to be a scornful taunt, but these old Arabs accepted it as a good omen. "Earth," said they to Saad when they returned, "is the emblem of empire; as surely, Oh Saad, as we deliver thee these sacks of earth, so surely will Allah (or God) deliver over the empire of Persia into the hands of true believers."

Had the Persians possessed proper discipline they could easily have crushed the inferior number of the Arabs by their large masses of troops, but the Arabs were light and hardy horsemen, dextrous with the bow and the lance, and skilled to wheel and retreat and to return again to the attack. The Persians were loaded down with costly armour; their belts and their girdles were studded with rich gems. But the Arabs were rudely clad and had nothing to encumber them. Poor Saad was not in fighting trim on the day of the battle; he was afflicted with boils in such a way that he could not sit on his horse with comfort. For four or five days the fighting continued, until the Arabs finally conquered. The booty captured on this occasion was immense, the sacred standard of Persia being among the spoils. The soldier who captured it was paid thirty thousand pieces of gold, by Saad's command.

To be a leader among the Arabs in those days a man had to fight. In fact their leaders were chosen from those who had distinguished themselves as warriors. Complaints were circulated among the troops that Saad had not mingled in the fight. To satisfy them that he had good reasons for not doing so, he summoned several of the old men to his tent, and, stripping himself, showed them the boils by which he was so grievously afflicted. This examination perfectly satisfied them and the army.

It seems that Saad during this campaign imbibed a taste for Persian splendor. He erected a very fine summer residence, and decorated it with a grand gate which had been taken from the palace of the King of Persia. Omar heard of this, and the news displeased him. He was always afraid of his generals losing the good old Arab simplicity of manners in the luxurious countries they were conquering. He immediately sent a trusty messenger, with the authority to give Saad a salutary rebuke. On arriving at the city where Saad was residing, this messenger caused a great quantity of wood to be put against the door of the summer residence, and set fire to it. Saad, of course, was naturally astonished, and came forth amazed at such an outrage. The messenger then put into his hands the letter which Omar had sent to him. When Saad read the letter, he offered no opposition to the burning of his palace; he looked on without a murmur while it was being consumed by the flames. He even offered the messenger presents, which the latter, however, declined. Saad afterwards removed to a different part of the city and built a more modest mansion for himself.

This was a very summary proceeding, and one that would have made many conquering generals very angry; but Omar was a stern, unflinching man, and was determined, as far as he could, to check the growth of luxury and corruption among his people. A better evidence of the immense influence he wielded, and the implicit obedience which was expected from those under him cannot be given than the burning of this palace.

An hour's industry will do more to produce cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs than a month's moaning.

THE CITY OF STRASBOURG.

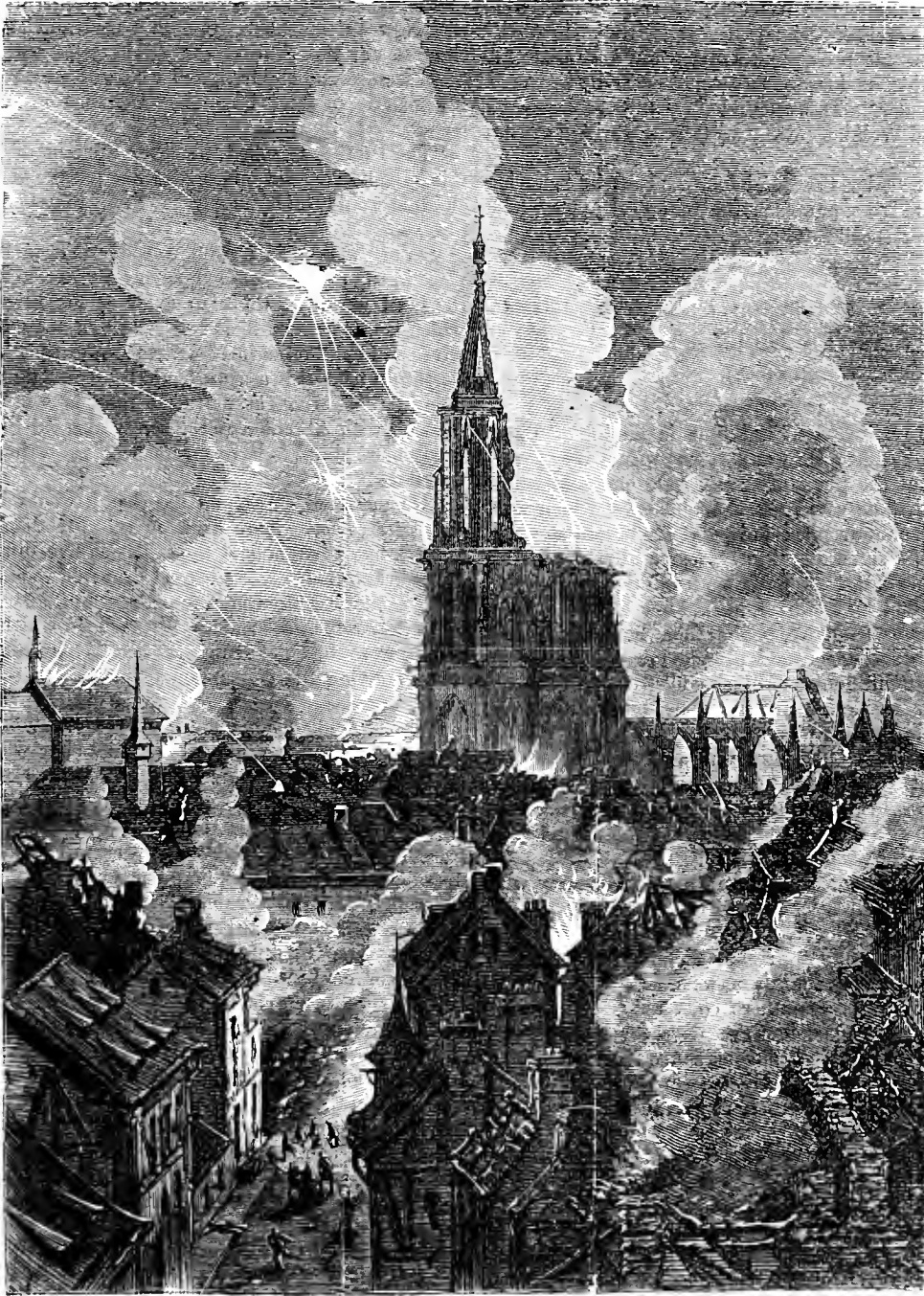
STRASBOURG, one of the cities of France, which, when besieged by the Prussians, made a desperate defense, is principally famous for its cathedral. The city sustained a vigorous bombardment, and surrendered on the 28th of last September. The engraving which we give this week represents the city as it was seen during the bombardment when the

place was partly in flames. But from the engraving it would appear that the cathedral was nearly destroyed, which was not the case. It has not been much injured by the bombardment. Only here and there can one see that an image or delicate piece of carved work has been knocked out of the steeple, or a hole been made in the painted glass.

The great Cathedral is an important part of Strasbourg. Long before you reach the city, you can see its tower rise up to your view, and apparently the whole building, for it is so high over the other buildings that the tops of these seem to be only on a level with its base. The cathedral is a remarkable building in many respects. One can trace in it the whole

history of Gothic architecture, from its rise, through all its changes, to its decline. The building is yet unfinished, only one of the great towers having reached its full height, and it not altogether completed. The interior, with its great extent of surface and multitudes of columns, makes one think he is in a forest, rather than a single church. The tower of this cathedral is the highest structure in Europe, being about five hundred English feet, or nearly one-tenth of a mile. The eye, as

it looks at it from below, can scarcely reach the top of it. It fills every one with continued wonder; and the wonder does not cease with the frequent repetition of the sight. The view from the tower itself, which can be ascended to the height of two hundred and twenty-eight feet, is very extensive, embracing a large part of the valley of the Rhine.



The astronomical clock of this cathedral is very famous, and is viewed as a very wonderful piece of work. It was constructed about the year 1370. It represents the motions of the globe, the sun, and the moon, in their regular circuit. The day of the week, the circle of the sun, the year of the world and of our Lord, the equinoctials, the leap year, the movable feasts and the Dominical letter, are clearly exhibited by this clock. The eclipses of the sun and moon, and the weekly motions of the planets, are also displayed. Thus, on Sunday the sun is drawn about in his chariot, and so drawn into another place that, before he is quite hidden, you have Monday—that is, the moon appears full, and the horses of the chariot of Mars emerge—and the scene

is thus varied on every day of the week. There is also a dial for the minutes of the hour, so that you can see every minute pass. Two images of children appear on each side, one with a sceptre counting the hours. The motions of the planets, the moon's rising and falling, and several other astronomical movements, are exhibited in this clock. A large skeleton of Time, with his scythe, strikes the hours. An old man marches around one of the turrets at the completion of every hour. At noon,

after the angels and Time have beaten the hour of twelve, the twelve Apostles march around a figure of Christ, which lays its hands on each one of them. During this ceremony, a rooster on the top crows three times. This puppetry attracts great crowds every day.

An old German chronicler, speaking of this clock and its chimes, which played various tunes, says: "At Christmas, Easter, and Witsuntide, they sound a thanksgiving unto Christ; and when this chime has done, the cock which stands on the top of the tower, on the north side of the main work, having stretched out his neck, shakes his comb and claps his wings twice, and this he does so shrilly and naturally as would make any man wonder." This celebrated clock was constructed by Dassipodius and Wolkensteinus, two famous working mathematicians of the time.

This city is now under the dominion of Prussia, it having been claimed by the latter power in the treaty of peace which was made between it and France.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued.)

NOVEMBER, 1842, was a critical time in the life of President Brigham Young. He was attacked with a very severe sickness, and was at the point of death. On one occasion he was so near gone that he could not close his eyes, which were set in his head, his chin dropped down and his breath stopped. His wife, seeing his situation, threw some cold water in his face; that having no effect, she dashed a handful of strong camphor into his face and eyes, which he neither felt in the least nor caused a muscle to move. She then held his nostrils between her thumb and finger, and placing her mouth directly over his, blew into his lungs until she filled them with air. This set his lungs in motion, and he again began to breathe. While this was going on he was perfectly conscious of all that was passing around him; his spirit was as keenly alive as it ever had been; but he had no feeling in his body. He was not able to go out of his house until the 18th of the next January. It was not the will of the Lord that he should pass away then, for his work was not finished.

On the following 7th of July, he started in company with several of the Twelve Apostles and other Elders on a mission to the Eastern States. This mission was productive of great good. While on his way East President Young had a remarkable conversation, on the steamboat between St. Louis and Cincinnati, with a Professor of a Southern University. It was upon a subject rarely touched upon in those days, for but very few knew anything about it. The conversation was so interesting that we venture to repeat it, feeling assured that it will be instructive to our young readers. The Professor said to President Young:

"I have heard and read much of your people, and of Joseph Smith, but I have no confidence in newspaper stories, and, if it would be agreeable, I would like to ask a few questions." I told him I would answer any questions he might propose, so far as I was able.

"He then asked me if Joseph Smith had more wives than one. I told him I would admit he had. In order to explain the principle, I asked the gentleman if he believed the Bible, and was a believer in the resurrection. He said he was a believer in the Old and New Testament and in the resurrection.

"I then asked him if he believed parents and children, husbands and wives would recognize each other in the resurrection. He said he did.

"Also, if parents and children would have the same filial feeling towards each other which they have here; and he said he

believed they would, and that their affections would be more acute than they were in this life.

"I then said, 'We see in this life, that amongst Christians, ministers and all the classes of men, a man will marry a wife, and have children by her; she dies, and he marries another, and then another, until men have had as many as six wives, and each of them bear children. This is considered all right by the Christian world, inasmuch as a man has but one at a time.

"Now, in the resurrection this man and all his wives and children are raised from the dead; what will be done with those women and children, and who will they belong to? and if the man is to have but one, which one in the lot shall he have?"

"The Professor replied, he never thought of the question in this light before, and said he did not believe those women and children would belong to any but those they belonged to in this life.

"Very well," said I, "you consider that to be a pure, holy place in the presence of God, angels, and celestial beings; would the Lord permit a thing to exist in his presence in heaven which is evil? And if it is right for a man to have several wives and children in heaven at the same time, is it an inconsistent doctrine that a man should have several wives, and children by those wives at the same time, here in this life, as was the case with Abraham and many of the old Prophets? Or is it any more sinful to have several wives at a time than at different times?"

"He answered, 'I cannot see that it would be any more inconsistent to have more wives in this life than in the next, or to have five wives at one time than at five different times. I feel to acknowledge it is a correct principle and a Bible doctrine, and I cannot see anything inconsistent in it.'"

As they returned, incidents occurred, in which some sectarian priests were the chief actors, of such a character that we cannot forbear giving the description of them in President Young's own language:

"We left Philadelphia for Nauvoo by way of Pittsburg, by canal and railway. While on the canal boat, which was crowded with well-behaved passengers, I was attacked by a Campbellite preacher, who was very anxious for a debate, and at the request of the passengers I delivered an address on the principles of our religion, which was very satisfactory to them, but discomfited the Campbellite preacher so much that he would not reply. In the evening a gang of about a dozen Baptist ministers came on board, returning to Pittsburg from a Conference. The Campbellite preacher told them there were 'Mormons' on board; they immediately surrounded brother Geo. A. Smith, and challenged him to debate, which he declined on the ground that it was not a proper place to discuss on religious subjects. They accused him of pretending to have the truth and not being willing to preach it to them. He proposed to preach in their churches in Pittsburg any time they would open them, to which they would not consent. He then told them he considered that they not only refused to hear the truth themselves, but shut the gate against their congregations, like the Scribes and Pharisees in the days of Jesus. They commenced a tirade of abuse against him, half a dozen talking at once, and making use of every foul epithet their clerical learning had put them in possession of, and so crowded round him that he was prevented from going to supper, they having taken theirs before coming on board. After supper, brother Kimball went to George A.'s assistance, and told them that he had been a Baptist himself three weeks, but when he was a Baptist, Baptist ministers were gentlemen. Brother Kimball made several quotations, knowing they were not from the Scriptures. The ministers would frequently interrupt him and say,—"That quotation is not in the Bible." Brother Kimball frequently turned to brother George A. and said,—"Will you find that passage?"

He opened his Bible as if to search, when the ministers all remembered the passages. I came up and inquired what was the meaning of this loud talk. The ministers answered that they had challenged the 'Mormons' to debate, but they would not debate with them; they understood there had been gambling on the boat, and they wished to banish such wickedness. I told them if there had been gambling, the gamblers had minded their own business and behaved like gentlemen, for there had been no disorder on board, since starting from Philadelphia, except what was made by a tip-o-tail of a Campbellite minister; and if they pretended to be ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, their conduct belied their profession, for they had abused Elder Smith ridiculously for an hour, and prevented him from getting his supper by blocking up the door, while he had submitted to their abuse with commendable patience; upon which the passengers told the captain, if he did not stop that gang of Baptist preachers from insulting the 'Mormon' Elders, who had shown themselves gentlemen all the way, they would put them in the canal. The captain then dispersed them."

President Young reached Nauvoo on the 22nd Oct., 1843.

[To be continued.]

LET OUT OF DANGER.

WHO is this? A careless little midshipman, idling about in a great city, with his pockets full of money. He is waiting for the coach; it comes up presently. And he goes on the top of it, and begins to look around him.

They soon leave the chimney tops behind them; his eyes wander with delight over the harvest fields; he smells the honey-suckle in the hedge-row, and he wishes he was down among the hazel bushes, that he might strip them of their milky nuts; then he sees a great wain piled with barley, and he wishes he was on the top of it; then the checkered shadows of the trees lying across the white road, and then a squirrel runs up a bough, and he cannot forbear to whoop and halloo, though he cannot chase it to its nest.

The other passengers were delighted with his simplicity and child-like glee; and they encouraged him to talk about the sea and ships, especially her Majesty's, wherein he has the honor to sail. In the jargon of the seas he describes her many perfections and enlarges upon her peculiar advantages; he then confides to them how a certain midshipman, having been ordered to the masthead as a punishment, had seen, while sitting on the top-mast crosstree, something uncommonly like the sea serpent—but finding this hint received with incredulous smiles, he begins to tell them how he hopes that some day he shall be promoted to have charge of the poop. The passengers hope that he will have that honor; they have no doubt that he deserves it. His cheeks blush with pleasure as he hears them say so, and he little thinks that they have no notion in what "that honor" may happen to consist.

The coach stops; the midshipman, with his hands in his pockets, sits rattling his money and singing. There is a poor woman standing by the door of the village inn; she looks careworn, and well she may, for in the spring her husband went up to London to seek for work. He goes for work, and she was expecting soon to join him there, when, alas! a fellow-workman wrote her word how he had met with an accident, how he was very bad, and wanted his wife to come and nurse him. But as she has two children, and is destitute, she must walk all the way, and she is sick at heart when she thinks that perhaps he may die among strangers before she can reach him.

She does not think of begging, but seeing the boy's eyes attracted to her, she makes a courtesy, and he withdraws his hand and throws her down a sovereign. She looks at it with incredulous joy, and then she looks at him.

"It's all right," he says, and the coach starts again, while full of gratitude she hires a cart to take her across the country to the railway, that the next night she may sit by the bedside of her sick husband.

The midshipman knows nothing about that—and he never will know.

The passengers go on talking—the little midshipman has told them who he is, and where he is going. But there is one who has never joined in the conversation; he is a dark-looking and restless man—he sits apart, he sees the glitter of the falling coin, and now he watches the boy more closely than before.

He is a strong man, resolute and determined; the boy with his pockets full of money will be no match for him. He has told the others that his father's house is the parsonage at Y—, the coach goes within five miles of it, and he means to get out at the nearest point and walk, or rather run over to his home through the great wood.

The man decides to get down, too, and go through the wood; he will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out and struggles, he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chance against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down.

No. There seemed, indeed, little chance of his escape; the half-fledged bird just fluttering down from his nest has no more chance against the keen-eyed hawk, than the little light-hearted sailor boy will have against him.

And now they reach the village where the boy is to alight. He wishes the other passengers "Good evening!" and runs lightly down between the scattered houses. The man has also got down and is following.

The path lies through the village churchyard; there is evening service, and the door is wide open, for it is warm. The little midshipman steals up the porch, looks in and listens. The clergyman has just risen from his knees, in the pulpit, and is giving out his text. Thirteen months have passed since the boy was in a house of prayer, and a feeling of pleasure induced him to stand still and listen.

He hears the opening sentence of the sermon; and then he remembers his home, and comes softly out of the porch, full of a calm and serious pleasure. The clergyman has reminded him of his father, and his careless heart is filled with the echoes of his voice and of his prayers. He thinks of what the clergyman said of the care of our Heavenly Father for us; he remembers how, when he left home, his father prayed that he might be preserved through every danger; he does not remember any particular danger that he has been exposed to, excepting in the great storm; but he is grateful he has come home in safety, and he hopes whenever he shall be in danger, as he supposes he shall be some day, he hopes that then the providence of God will watch over him and protect him. And so he presses onward to the entrance of the wood.

"Are not two sparrows," he hears, "sold for a farthing? and one shall not fall to the ground without your Father's notice. But the hairs of your head are numbered. Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

The man is there before him. He has pushed into the thicket and cut a heavy stake; he suffers the boy to go on before, and then he comes out, falls into the path and follows him. It is too light at present for his deed of darkness, and too near the entrance of the wood, but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

But what prompts the little midshipman, when not fifty rods from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear—he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for home makes him dash off suddenly after his saunter, with a whoop and bound. On he goes as if running a race; the path bends, and the man loses sight of him.

"But I shall have him yet," he thinks; "he cannot keep up

the pace long." The boy has nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he starts up a white owl that can scarcely fly, as he goes whirling along close to the ground before him. He gains upon it; another moment and it will be his. Now he gets the start again; they come to the branching of the paths, and the bird goes down the wrong one. The temptation to follow it is too strong to be resisted; he knows that somewhere, deep in the wood, there is a cross track, by which he can get in the track he has just left; it is only to run a little faster, and he shall be home nearly as soon.

On he rushes; the path takes a bend, and he is just out of sight, when his pursuer comes where the paths divide. The boy has turned to the right—the man takes to the left, and the faster they both run the farther they are asunder.

The white owl still leads him on; the path gets darker and narrower; at last he finds that he has missed it altogether, and his feet are on the soft ground. He flounders about among the trees and stumps, vexed with himself and panting over his race. At last he hits upon another track, and pushes on as fast as he can. The ground begins sensibly a descent; he has lost his way—but he keeps bearing to the left, and though it is now dark, he thinks he must reach the main path sooner or later.

He does not know this part of the wood, but runs on. O little midshipman! why did you chase that owl? If you had kept the path with the dark man behind you, there was a chance that you might outrun him; or if he had overtaken you, some passing wayfarer might have heard your cries and come to save you. Now you are running straight on to your death, for the forest water is deep and black at the bottom of the hill. Oh, that the moon might come out and show it to you!

The moon is under a thick canopy of heavy, black clouds, and there is not a star to glitter on the water and make it visible. The fern is soft under his feet as he runs and slips down the sloping hill. At last he strikes against a stone, stumbles and falls. Two minutes more and he will fall into the black water.

Selected.

[To be continued.]

TRUE PIETY.

To be the thing we seem,
To do the thing we deem
Enjoined by duty;
To walk in faith, not dream
Of questioning God's scheme
Of truth and beauty.

Casting self-love aside,
Discarding human pride,
Our hearts to measure;
In humble hope to bide,
Each change in fortune's tide,
In God's own pleasure.

To trust, although deceived;
Tell truth, though not believed;
Falsehood distaining;
Patient of ills received;
To pardon when aggrieved;
Passion restraining.

With love no wrong can chill,
To save, unwearied still,
The weak from falling;
This is to do God's will
On earth, and thus fulfill
Our heavenly calling.

Selected.

IT is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

Original Poetry.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

The young folks here in Deseret
Our settlements are filling;
They are, indeed, a happy set,
And most of them are willing
To listen to instruction's voice,
And profit by good teaching,
In fact, it seems to be their choice,
For knowledge to be reaching.

CHORUS

To help to make them good and wise.
We have a truth-conductor,
Which all the Saints should patronize—
"The Juvenile Instructor!"

'Tis truly said "Boys will be Boys,"
They're full of pranks and joking;
They're boisterous, restless, fond of noise,
And do things most provoking;
Yet, after all when duly reined,
By kind, judicious measures,
And in the Gospel rightly trained,
They are our greatest treasures.

"Girls will be Girls" is also said
With quite as much of reason;
And they, likewise, with ease are led
By loving words in season.
Of course, they need a mother's care,
A father's kind attention,—
Then they become a blessing rare,
Of worth beyond all mention.

The children of the Saints should be
Good patterns for their neighbors;
Devoid of all hypocrisy,
Industrious in their labors;
In morals pure, and virtuous quite,
In learning not deficient,
In manners modestly polite,
In godliness proficient.

To bring about what we desire,
The rising generation,
Besides our constant love, require
A liberal education,
That they may all be well prepared
For duties which await them;
Then let no means or pains be spared,
Which tend to elevate them.

HENRY MAIBEN.

ENDEAVOR always to learn something from the conversation of the company you are in, and draw out such conversation as will instruct you.

THE ability to say "no" in life is so valuable that it might be truly called the safe side of one's character.

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